occasions when company of consequence was being entertained at the castle.

To go on with all this? And that not for one, two, or three days more, but indefinitely? Lady carnoustic called her elder daughters into her givate sitting-room, and owned frankly that she is all not do it.

hould not do it.

Louisa and Joanna were quite sure she could

Louisa and Joanna were quite sure she could Louisa and Joanna were quite sure see could not. It would be far too much for dear mamma. She would be knocked up herself next. Dear mamma then put it to them—Could Cap-nain Ainsile remain behind, and let the others

depart: The docile pair glanced at each other, and their The docile pair glanced at each other, and their leader's foot began to tap the floor. What were they waiting for? Surely they could give a plain answer to a plain question? Why should Captain Ainsle not stay? The sisters' brows and perceiving at length what was exhastened to assure their and peculiar as such a course might be, it was open. "You think he could stay?"

"You think he could stay thought so, they really thought so, they really thought so, we could hardly let him go," proceeded Lady carnoustle. That is to say, I do not suppose he could go. But it is very awkward; it is very awkw tiresome. And the three triples in the thought I was some cruel monster, merely if he thought I was some cruel monster, merely hecause I do not jump at the idea and am not because I do not jump at the idea and am not because I do not jump at the idea and am not because I wonder how Dr. MeWhinnock would like to have a young man laid up at his house—especially such a flighty young man as this Captain Ainslie? I—I—Upman as this exceedingly troublesome."
troublesome or not, she came to the conthat it would be a vast deal preferable
a Rob by himself than Bob with father,

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

mother and sister in addition.

simple, however, as such a decision was when arrived at in family conclave, it proved to be by no means so easy to carry into effect, as many a host and hostess will understand.

Guests who have been welcomed with effusion. who like their quarters, and find that no one else is expected consequent on their departure, are often more than a match for their entertainers when it comes to a tussle on the point. Are they

There is no earthly reason why they should go, except that they have stayed long enough, cording to the views of the latter; and these views, hospitality sternly demands, should be

Wherefore, when the half-hearted suggestion been met by the faint demur or the ill-us-

No. really, we have trespassed long enough. omen who have this part of the work to do.) thing. Only we must not keep you all to ourselves. We must not detain you from more

amusing places," murmurs Madame Host, Madame Guest then assures her that no spot on earth can be more amusing, more congenial, only wishes she had not already paid her delightful visit, etc., etc.

rejoiced that she and hers have been able to do a little for their kind friends, and next time they will endeavor to have a few others to meet them; does hope Madame Guest will not be so rain in coming to Hum-drum Deadlylong again in of Dulness, etc., etc.

Dainess, etc., etc.

Really Madame Guest can hardly say. Life is so uncertain. It may be years before such another happy meeting can be arranged. (This is meant to suggest: "Keep us now, and perhaps we will let you off in the future. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.")

If Madame Host has a tolerable amount of backbone she will, however, reject this bait and maintain a resolute silence, and then the more subtle test of the angler's skill is called into play

subile test of the anger's subplay
"How many posts a day do you have, dear?"
Usually the answer will be: "Two. One in
the morning and one in the afternoon."
"Oh, then there is still a possibility?" Halfaudible murmur, as though to herself.
Madame Host, if quick-witted, is on the alert
in an instant, and declines to inquire into the
meaning of the possibility. She has a shrewd
idea that it will land her in quick-sands. There
were lamentations earlier in the day over the
roomerstal of some important document.

instead she now starts on a lengthy disserta-on regarding postal arrangements, from them igresses to parcel posts, s.x-penny tolegrams, alf-penny cards, and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Glad-tone reached, she is safe for the time being. It signifies little to her that Madame Guest is

to jeer and point the finger than to render aid under the circumstances; and Madame Guest is wrong in holding on like grim death to nce of something or other turning up

which shall compel the proffered renewal of

which shall compel the profered renewal of hospitality.

In nine cases out of ten this will be wrung out of the male contingent of the party. "Hang it all," say they, "What could we do? The peor people have nowhere else to go, and we only meant to be civil, when they caught us up, and—and—it wasn't our fault, anyway."

Thus in the case before us, when the unfortunate Lady Carnoustie, at some violence to her own feelings, had let hint after hint go by, and had even contrived to be busy and deaf to Lady Ainsile's lively astonishment and tegret, expressed aside to her daughter over the unfortunate change of route which would have to be made, consequent on the result of a letter received, and which was handed ostentatiously to Alice to read. It was Lord Carnoustie—Lord Carnoustie who was sick to death of hit visitors, with the exception of Bob, who suited him by with the exception of Bob, who suited him by sheer force of contrast, and whose whimsical affectations and anecdotes were diverting. It was he who made all his wife's precautions of

Perceiving that the women were invincible, and Perceiving that the women were invincible, and that even Penelope, while she showed genuine regret for the loss of her new companion—indeed, Penelope had whirled round like the little weathercock she was, and was now full of Alice Alnsile and of a new piece of fun into which Alice had initiated her, namely, riding about all over the country on the broad-backed, rough Shetland peniles belonging to the home farmeven Penelope could only groan into Alice's ear, not daring to give open vent to what she felt by so much as a syllable (a syllable at least, which could be utilized), the hapless dowager, driven to perceive that in the bluff old lord himself lay her only hope, threw her last die.

She hardly expected any good to accrue from it. She was half afraid of Carnoustie, mistaking

it. She was half afraid of Carnoustie, mistaking for pride and ill-humor what was in reality a mixture of shyness and awe on his part. He had a great opinion of women of the world such as herself. He did not like them; he did not feel at herself. He did not like them; he did not reer at ease with them. But although he had lived for so long out of society, he had lingering recollections of the great gav whirl without his gates, which made him anxious not to be despised by the votaries of fashion. Indeed, he had a far greater respect for a giddy dame of quality, or for a smart feather-pated youth who was the rage for the time being, than Lady Carnoustie at all approved.

rage for the time being, than Lady Carnoustie at all approved.

"Why should we mind what people of that stamp think?" she had loftly observed when her husband had somewhat uneasily suggested cutting short the long sermon and prayers in vogue at the Castle on Sunday evenings. "You say yourself the Ainsiles are not religious"—

"Well, neither are we."

"Carnoustie"

"We're not reactionizely. We never set up.

"Carnoustie"
"We're not—not particularly. We never set up
to be. Hoots! We do well enough; but if we were
really religious people, like some people I know,
we would be very different from what we are.
Well, well," perceiving indignant remonstrance
on her brow, "well, well, maybe you are—or you
think yourself so, because you give away a
whech books and tracts, and go to church, and
to sacrament, and pick out the longest sermons
you can find for me to read while you sleep; but
I know what I call religion. My mother—rest
her soul! was a religious woman. How she
laught us, prayed with us, set us an example!
All the countryside reverenced her—she fed them,
doctored them, visited every house within her All the countryside reverenced her—she fed them, doctored them, visited every house within her reach—the poor blessed her name—ay, and not the poor only. Carnoustie Castle was a house of God in those days; the fame of it was known throughout the length and breadth of Scotland. God help me! I'm an unworthy son of such a mother," and, to the infinite consternation of his amazed spouse, the old man's voice had broken, and his head had sunk upon his chest. Lady Carnoustie had been unable to utter a word. By-and-by she had crept away to her closet more humbled and shaken than she had been for years; and thereafter and for some

been for years; and thereafter and for some time subsequently her speech had been gentler, and her decisions less hard and dictatorial than any had remembered them before.

It had cut her to the soul to be told the truth in the homely, unsparing words her husband had made use of.

made use of.

She had taken not only her own piety, but that of all the family and household for granted. She abhorred the pleasures and pursuits of the world; she turned her back upon every form of dissipation; she shrank from fashionable society. On the other hand, she was strict in exacting from one and all beneath her sway conformity to religious observances, and wee betide

the child or the servant who sought to evade n; she ordered largely from tract societies, though she did not herself peruse the literat-with which the house was thus supplied, she had it lying about, and any one who asked could have; and she lay on her sofa and lamented that other matrons and maids were not as she and her daughters.

and her daughters.

But that, of course, was not as Lady Carnoustic saw it. Indeed, she had, as we say, taken
her plety in a ca va sans dire fashion.

To have her husband all at once turn upon her, To have her husband all at once turn upon her, and compare her with her mother! Her bosom had swelled 'twixt wounded pride and startled discomfiture. It was too had of Carnoustie, and yet she felt with an inner perturbation and trembling that he who had thus smote her in the tenderest point had passed beyond the reach of her displeasure, and that there was in his plain dealing an earnestness and a disregard of consequences which could have been induced by no ordinary conviction.

She had mutely permitted him to curtail the

ordinary conviction.

She had mutely permitted him to curtail the Sunday evening's discourse.

It had not been altogether done away with; that he desired as little as she. To gather together the family dependents from without as well as within for formal worship which took the place of a second service in church was customary among Scotch families at the period—indeed, in many places, where the distance from church is great, the old usage still prevails—but Lady Carnoustic to her husband's view, had a knack of picking out the longest chapters in every book she selected for the purpose, and all his plea had been for an ordinary brief reading instead of the lengthy homily. Nor is it unworthy of note, that from the vic-

Stead of the lengthy homily.

Nor is it unworthy of note, that from the victory gained on the present occasion dated a marked reduction of quantity in the devotions of the future. There had been a sting in the taunt, "You pick out the longest sermons for me to read while you go to sleep," which had been feit. Nothing had been said previously, but it was a fact that her ladyship, was was no reader, nor yet listener, never could keep properly awaked during the Sunday lecture, and was forever catching herself dozing off, and wondering whether any one else had caught her. She feit that she could never dare again to let herself go, and accordingly not a wora did she say when Carnoustie, with an inkling of how the land lay, pursued hot-foot the advantage he had gained.

"I think I'll just go on with this book. I like it better than you," he remarked easily, after the Sunday which became known in family annuls hereafter as "The Ainsile Sunday," and though he spoke boidly, and looked full in her face as he did so, she only replied, "Very well, my dear"; a plece of acquiescence over which the recreant had many a secret chuckle. "I should have taken her in hand sooner," he told him-

This is not so much of a discression as it may seem to our readers. We wish it to be comprehended how at this special moment Lord Carnoustie was riding with a high hand in the family, also why his wife did not care to pass animadversions on his respectful aversion to his principal lady visitor, and call him over the coals to be at once more civil and less yielding. His plan was to give himself as little trouble as he could about Lady Amslie, while at the same time resolute that every one else should be at her beek and call.

same time rescale that every car be at her beck and call.

"Whatever you do, don't have her going away and saying we live in a beggarty way and don't know the fashions, and are behindhand, and all that," he cried; for he and Ainsile had this in common, that each yearned to be thought a la mode, though the old nurse was so far ahead of her master that she would have been really happy to be so, while the toll and trouble of it would have been intolerable to him, and he only covered the semblance. "Stick up to her, all of ye! Talk scandal and trumpetry, and let lady Ainsile won't care to know anything about such as them; and she will stare if we have nobody to talk about but my factor and his sisters. There's Redwood—cram Redwood down her throat. There is no need for her to know he is only here for a few months or so. Make as much as ye can of him and that friend of histhough, between ourselves, Merriman's a vulgarish fellow. I had not noticed him before the other night; but when he came out in talk after dinner, and I looked at him with Sir Robert's eyes, and still more with the eyeglass of the Bob creature. I saw we were wrong in having him; not that we could help ourselves; we could not have left him out of the invitation; but it was a pity it happened so. Redwood has him because he is a good shot, of course; and that's what we must make Lady Ainsile understand. For all her fine ladyisms, she has the sense to know that many a man gets an invitation in the show that many a man gets an invitation in the shooting season who would never be thought of Penelope was again rather lonely and out of

He was loyal to them-loyal as John Soutter himself; and however flattering it might have been to his professional vanity, and however great might have been the rise of his importance in the popular estimation had he decided to keep the Ainsiles from day to day hanging on his decisions and unable to move until he had given permission, it is but due to Dr. Mc Whinnock to say that as soon as he could honestly aver there was nothing the matter with the wounded joint which time would not set right, he was really anxious to further what he knew to be the wishes of his old friends and

"I understand, Lady Carnoustie. You just feeling you could manage the son, but not the whole set of them. I understand. Well, if the Captain is as well as I expect to find him

the Captain is as well as I expect to find him to-day" the had been caught before paying his daily visit to the sick chamber), "there is no airthly reason why any one should stay on his account another hour, and so I'll tell Sir Robert, or whoever is there. I'll set them bumming."

When he came back and announced what he had done, he felt he deserved the approving glance which took the place of a smile on Lady Carnoustie's face.

She did not say anything. It was not Dr. McWhinnock's "place" to be admitted to her confidence, but she addressed him in her most gracious accents; and when he further assured her that he would look in on the following day just before the travellers departed, adding, "And I have recommended the noon-day boat, my lady; so I'll be here about 11," she was moved to give his hand a cordial and almost significant pressure, and went nearer to betraying the joy of her heart than she had any idea of doing.

It may be wondered why so simple an ex-

not have been easy to find people who could thus be summoned to Carnoustic Castle at a minute's notice. According to Lord Carnoustic, they would have "smeit a rat." "We never ask any one in that free and casy way, so it is no use beginning now," he added. "Of course there are some who would come," after a pause; "when you have shooting to offer, and you are not particular as to whom you offer it, you will always find people ready to come, but then what if we do not find them ready to go? It would be out of the mud into the mire, if, just as we had got rid of these Ainslies, we found ourselves in the same hobble over again."

The accommodation at the castle was also too larke for a single stranger, or even a few strangers, to have made any difference. There was a whole corridor of spere apartments, and only by filling them all could Lady Ainslie's "But you must have others coming" have been met to any purpose.

forgiven.

Hy that time on the following day the old place would be itself again; all the torments and trammels of the last ten days would be over; and if only the Ainslies were not about to leave a hostage behind—but to Lady Ainslie the hostage had to be spoken of in a different torse.

"We will be well taken care of, I assure you. "We will be well taken care of, I assure you. And Hyslop shall attend to him, so you must not think of leaving Sir Robert's valet behind" (Sir Robert, who had 'ong ceased to have a valet at home, had been provided with one for his round of visits). "Hyslop is very attentive," proceeded Lady Carnoustie, keeping to safe topics, "and he is so quiet; he is just the person to be about an invalid."

She promised that Mr. Redwood should be made free of the sickroom. Having no son, she would do her best to find poor Captain Alinshe a companion in the only young man about the

made free of the sickroom. Having no son, she would do her best to find poor Captain Ainslie a companion in the only young man about the place, and she had heard Mr. Redwood tell Lord Carnoustic he would look in whenever he could. Mr. Soutter, too, would take Captain Ainslie newspapers and what news he could. It would be dull, she was afraid; very dull, at any rate until the invalid could be moved to a sitting-room, or join the family downstairs; but Dr. McWhinnock was to borrow a carrying chair, which would be a great thing, and the utility of such a conveyance and the wisdom and the obligingness of Dr. McWhinnock were dwelt upon, and, considering all things. Lady Carnoustic behaved very well, and did not look half the annoyance she felt at being obliged to harbor for an indefinite period a chance young man, and even to provide for his amusement and recreation.

"But what are we to do with him?" she put the question to all assembled, when the last puff of smoke had disappeared from the retreating steamer, and it was certain that neither wind nor tide, nor any ill turn of the patient, could prevent the desired departure from taking place. "It is certainly a great relief that they are gone; but we must not for get that he is still here," looking round with her usual air of solemn wisdom.

"Troth, and he is little fikely to let you for the usual air of solemn wisdom." Troth, and he is little fikely to let you for the usual air of solemn wisdom.

"Troth, and he is little fikely to let you for the usual air of solemn wisdom.

"Troth, and he is little fikely to let you for the usual air of solemn wisdom." Troth, and he is little fikely to let you for the usual air of solemn wisdom.

"Troth, and he is little fikely to let you for the usual air of solemn wisdom." Troth, and he is little fikely to let you for the usual air of solemn wisdom. The patient of the business of the business, and the gold he he would the chind in knewled the wind fice the would. The price he would have brought he was accustomed to.

Instead of

In my dressing-toom—twanging away on that banjo of his. He's as pleased as Funch with himself for sending for it; and he kept me for an hour this morning explaining and havering. "Does he play well, uncle?" The eager question war Fenelope's, of course. No one cise cared how Bob Ainsile played.
"Does he play well, uncle?" Lord Carnoustie's brow twitched and his eye twinkled. "That's all you think about, missy. I'll be bound. How can I tell if he plays well? Well or ill, he'll be at it day and night, I foresee. Well, poor fellow, if it amuses him," relaxing.
"Tis a droll hair-brained creature; but I

For all her fine ladyshins, she has the sense to know that many a man gets an invitation in the shooting season who would never be thought of the had himself instructed her ladyship on the point and found her more than amiable. She was not to know that he might had the wildest statements and most perplexing arguments would have received her assenting smile, so long as he would hand her in to dimer, and had her a cheer to be done or seen on the next.

She was perfectly right in surmising that such planning was not accidental, that it was along as she dared, she tacily accepted the position. But at length the moment had common wown free will abandon it? and accordingly, as long as she dared, she tacily accepted the position. But at length the moment had common wown free will abandon the same and accordingly as long as she dared, she tacily accepted the position. But at length the moment had common wown free will abandon the same and accordingly and any own own free will abandon the same and accordingly and a chart she will always to be to say that each party had to the sturyd dictum of that arbiter of fate, the doctor, brought the sturnton a close in a manner fairly statisfactory to all.

The remain where he was and as he was for some weeks to come; and turning to Lady Almille, who stood by, as unceremoniously informed her that I would be provided that they had not seen to be accorded to state the statistic or a close in a manner fairly satisfactory to all.

The remain where he was and as he was for some weeks to come; and turning to Lady Almille, who stood by, as unceremoniously informed her that I would be far better left quiledly behind to complete his cure without so many Tunshing round him.

"Yes, one will always to be the stream of the stream of the stream of the work of the control of the work of the control of the work of the control of the co

evening which had somewhat dragged, instead of sitting behind the window curtains whispering with Penelope.

Bob's mother, however, was eager with her exculpation. Bob himself could not have disclaimed his vocal talent more earnestly as regarded a public performance; and the speaker had the advantage of being further able to insert a compliment to his modesty. "He never will sing in any mixed assemblage, my dear Lady Carnoustie. He is always sure that some one is present who sings much better and knows much more about it than he does. He will not allow me to ask him when we are in town. Indeed, I am quite surprised at his consenting to-night; it must have been your daughter, or your—ahem quite surprised at his consenting to-night; it must have been your daughter, or your—ahemniece; among them they have overcome his scruples." And the poor exultant woman fanned her flushed cheeks, and leaned back in her chair, resisting her great desire to join the applauding circle and beg for the songs she knew best showed off the singer's voice.

Even Lord Carnoustle had awakened from a nap humming a refrain which, falling softly on his ear, had roused him from his dreams. Even he had wheeled his great chair half round, and nodded and patted his hands in time to the next ditty.

nodded and patted his hands in time to the next dity.

As for the young people, they were honestly enchanted. Louisa, who opened the plano and executed a dreary ballad, in dutiful response to her mother's "May we have a little music, my dear?" was now by common consent deposed from the music stool; and Captain Almslie, sometimes on, sometimes off, occasionally touching a few notes of accompaniment, but more often with his fingers in his cockets, facing the circle with the half smile which deprecated the whole thing as an art performance on his face, held all five spelibound. All five we say advisedly, for Alice Ainsile was both in her own way musical

her that he would look in on the following day just before the travellers departed, adding. "And I have recommended the noon-day boat, my lady; so I'll be here about II," she was moved to give his hand a cordial and almost significant pressure, and went nearer to betraying the joy of her heart than she had any idea of doing.

It may be wondered why so simple an expedient as that of summoning others to fill her guest chambers had not presented itself to our hostess. There were two reasons, however, for not doing this. First and foremost, it would

the most amiable of favorites. Even his sister

the most amiable of favorites. Even his sister, when she begged for a vulgar street sons, was accommodated, and the street song was voted charming by all the group; and Lady Carnoustie, not catching the words in the distance, thought it must be one of Madame Dolby's brautiful sacred solos which she had heard at the last concert she had attended when in Edinburgh. It was, therefore, no wonder that the strains of the hidden banjo should have sounded tantalizing when emanating from the sick chamber, where the invalid now is all day long on the sofa, wringing every drop of comfort he could out of the couple of French novels which by luck had been popped into his portmanteau, and wonhad been popped into his portmanteau, and won-dering how soon, now that his people had been fairly routed, he could manage to get himself transferred to another room and other society

than his own.

Lord Carnoustie and Redwood were his only

Of the two he preferred Carnoustie. Carnoustie Of the two he preferred Carnoustie. Carnoustie had not much to say, but he was a ready listener, and though his shrewd, humorous countenance indicated without much attempt at reticence that he did not believe a tithe of Bob's absolutely-true-because-they-happened-to-myself experiences, he exhibited an amused tolerance, and even an appetite for more, which was all the young man wanted, and, truth to tell, more than

e often got. With Redwood it was different; Redwood was a desperately dull visitor. He usually came in at the close of the day, and, having had many hours on the moor, it was reasonable to suppose he was tired, and disinclined for further exertion. But when a man his taken the trouble to tur out and drive a couple of miles to do a neighbor kindness, and has got through that, the trouble sinuriess, and has got through that, the trouble-some part of the business, one would think he would rather be inclined to enjoy his coffee and his eigar, and the chat of a companion who knew people he knew, rad the mode of life he was accustomed to.

Instead of this, Redwood mooned, and at the end of half an hour flageted.

wanted to know this and that, and to confide his own hopes and aspirations, and learn, if pos-sible, what Redwood thought of his chances, until Redwood, by turns amused, contemptuous and infuriated, had answered so shortly and let the subject drop so quickly that the other had formed his own conclusions. "Met with a saub," he had told himself astute'y.

He was a little surprised that a man like Red-wood should have been saubhed. "He is a gloomy beggar, and not much in him; but he has a good-looking face and a thundering smart figure. 'Gad, I wish I had half his inches. It just shows how little that kind of thing tells

figure. 'Gnd, I wish I had half his inches. It just shows how little that kind of thing tells with a gir!. What a girl wants is to be amused and flattered. If I had been in Redwood's shoes. see if I should not have been engaged by

tunities, and there was no more to be said. After about half an hour in the invalid's room on the evening in question, Redwood, as we have said, began to wonder how soon he could get away, and the wonder was visible on his counte-

nance.
"It is awfully good of you to have turnout after a long day's work," said Ainstle, half rising to extend a rueful hand. "Of course, I know you must want to be off to by-by. Will you go into the drawing room or will you send for your trap to come to this side d and slip off? It's easily done. There's and slip off? I bell," indicating.

said Redwood. They are old-fashioned people, and particular. They might think it cool if I went in and out by a side door."

As you like. You'll see the fair Penelope.

"As you like. You'll see the fair Penciope then. Mind you tell her I am getting up a lot of new songs to sing to her when I am let loose from this prison cell. Tell her I am going to make that old dector let me go out. to make that old dector let me go rrow, and she must go at him too.

"When? Why now! Now, when you go downstairs. Did you not say you were going in to see them all?"
"You want me to deliver your messages be-fore the assembled party, with every eye upon me gud every or saylog."

con, bother it said Alba and this oppor-tunity. No, dash it' not exactly before the Carnousties en bloc. That would hardly do. But Perclope is often a little on one side; she and I used to retire to a window."

and I used to retire to a window."

"And you suggest that now she and I

"Eh" said lich.

There was a quick look in the other's eye which prompted the involuntary ejaculation. He did not know what to make of the look, it almost seemed as if Redwood—could Redwood be playing him a trick."

The next moment dispelled the idea. "I don't think I am in the window line," said Redwood dryly "Girls don't invite me, and I don't of myself suggest it."

"Don't you ever—ah—spoon?"

dryly "Girls don't invite me, and I don't of myself suggest it."
"Don't you ever—sh—spoon?"
There was a moment's pause, then, "No," said Redwood with a draw!
"You weren't the fellow, then, who came a cropper—I thought you couldn't be, but the name was the same—last May? Oh, I say, I'm heastly sorry," for there was no mistaking the dark flush which all in a moment suffused the face before him. "I say, you know, Redwood, I would not have said that for the world; but, to tell the truth, the first evenin' here I thought I had heard some story or other about you, and racked my brains to recollect what it could be. After a bit it came back to me what I was thinking of, but nobody seemed to know anythin' about it.
"You asked the Carnousties?"
"I asked Penelope."

"You asked the Carnousties."
"I asked Penelope."
"What did she say?" said Redwood, looking out of the window.
"She had never heard a word of it. I'm awfully sorry, you know, if I have said anything unpleasant to you," and Captain Ainsile glanced with a certain dublous timidity toward the averted face. "It was you saying you was recorded but me off the scent. Tell me glanced with a certain dubious timidity toward the averted face. "It was you saying you never spooned put me off the scent, Tell me the story new, like a good fellow," he added coaxingly. "Here, sit down for a moment," kicking a chair toward him with the leg which was still available. "Sit down and tell us about it."

about it."

Now this was just what no living soul had ever before asked Redwood to do, and what Redwood would have been the better for doing long ago.

Every one had sheered off the subject. At the first they had hustled it out of sight in a breath—dispatched it in a single sentence; while, subsequently, the silence of the grave had closed over the affair. had closed over the affair.

(To be continued.)

CARE FOR A BLIND RAT. From The London Chronicle.

From The London Chroniele

A touching story of a rat comes from Rickmans worth. The hero is old and blind. He lives with his family on a sewage farm, and since he lost the use of his eyes he has taken his daily airing with two of the younger members of his family. To guard against misalventures the three go abreast with a piece of stick in their mouths which the youngsters use as a tiller to steer the blind gentleman with

man with the afflicted rat is enabled to take his walks over his native sewage farm, crossing planks and eluding dogs, as in the days of his youth and vigor. Even the lady who cut off their tails with a carving knife will have no chance against the blind rat of Rickmansworth.

THE TAILOR'S APOLOGY. From The London Dally News.

From The London Daily News.

A tailor living in Swineminde-strasse, after receiving a "sound cudgelling," has had likewise to apologize in the "agony" column of a Berlin newspaper. The advertisement is as follows: "I herewith declare that the journeyman blacksmith, Herr Karl X., is a very honorable man-most honorable; and I take this opportunity of withdrawing the most defamatory charges I made against him. Herr Karl X has already given me a good thrashing for the said sanderous words. But Herr Schiedsmann (the interceder) informs me that Herr Karl X will not do so again if I state in a public newspaper that he is an honorable man, and put a thaler in the poorbox."

A SURPRISED WAGONER. From The Gentlewoman.

From The Buffalo News.

A wagoner at a farm near Cardington was surprised the other day when, on reaching down his coat from a peg in the stable, where it had been hanging for a few days, he discovered that is swarm of bees had established themselves in one of the pockets and deposited a quantity of honey. THE COUNTRY IS SAFE.

The dontcherknow fellows in New-York City and Boston will, as a matter of course, defend Eng-land in any little trouble she may have with France.

•MASTERING A BICYCLE.

THE MALICE OF THE IRON MACHINE.

to ride the bicycle are wont to aver that it is easy, those whose struggles with that metallic mustang belong to the active present are not likely to subscribe with any heartiness to the affirmation. It is not to be denied that there are persons who ride with considerable case and supposed safety, even upon a second attempt; but there are also abnormal beings who can tell you the cube root of any sum without figuring, or from actual memory match to-gether days of the week and dates of the month years back. Such exceptions prove nothing, any more than a single swallow makes a summer. It is can learn to ride one of these machines, but to say story, and one that truth would never peep out of her well to smile upon. Luckily, the end to be attained is well worth even extraordinary endeavor. That such ease and swiftness of locomotion afford much pleasure to riders is apparent to one who simply stands by the road and sees them go by, but it cannot be adequately appreciated until actually experienced, and he must be a poor philosopher who discomforts when they are the necessary introduc-There are two ways of learning to ride a bicycle

In one you acquire possession of a bicycle-with or without the owner's consent-and, as far as posa boy to swim is to throw him into deep water and er's suit, with the addition of a baseball catcher's mask, would be a good costume in which to learn bicycling alone. It would be something of a shield, at least until the machine had discovered the ungetting at them. Of course, a person who has never had any experience in the premises will be and has any intention to concentrate upon mali-cious mischief, but that would simply be from lack of appreciation of how much this machine is unlike any other. Ask the man who knows, the contused person who has just fought a lively round with his bicycle, and he will fervently assure you that the iron brute has the cunning to invent new ways for malice to trample upon him when he has been downed. Its only right to be called a "safety" is in the qualification that the injuries it inflicts are not bruises and sprains, perhaps even the fracture of some tender little bone, but it is hardly possible for it to break your neck, as the tail "velocipede" of old times could with hard y an effort. The full range of its possibilities as a doer of harms you are master it alone. Those who have done so are no without justification for the insolent pride with which they are wont to dilate upon the achievement, but there does not seem to be any ground for the claim they often advance that such rugged experiences make any better riders ultimately than gentler methods, in which the inherent viciousness

The other method of learning is by the direction and assistance of a practical bicyclist. If the person giving such aid is simply a friend, who, with abundant good intentions combines lack of experi ence as a teacher, the results are likely to be almost as discomposing as if you tackled the job alone. He gets you on the saddle, gives ample advice and a shove-and while rescuing you from the angry ma think of his instructions; none of them, you pect, would have suited that particular emergency anyway; even new you don't clearly understan down the street, wheels, comes back, and circles around you, with such ostentatious superiority in

ed, and engage a course of lessons. Fifty cents are hour being the duration of each. The price would the teachers for more severe and co than theirs during longer hours is performed by nobody. From 10 o'clock in the forenoon-and in some places even from 8-until 10 in the evening. with only short intermissions for meals, they are constantly on their feet, walking, trotting, running, and at the same time, almost all the while, exerting themselves to prevent their pupils falling, maintaining unceasing vigilance over every movement, applying all their strength and dexterity to keep the wobbling combination of clumsy rider and tricky wheel from coming to grief. It is harder work than blacksmithing or letter-carrying or pugilism. And with it all, they have to be patient, polite, complaisant, to look pleasant, and not show how tire they are. It is enough to make a sympathetic man's muscles ache just to think of how weary the poor fellows must be, and if they looked as they must

feel toward the close of the day, nobody but women would take lessons then.

The first thing a good teacher does when you present yourself for your first lesson, is to put on you a strong leather belt, with an adjustable hand loop, which he establishes in place on the left side of the back. Then he helps you to mount. It doesn't matter much at this stage of the game if you are a man how you get aboard. Correct mounting is the special field of trouble that you will come to in time, after you have learned how to stay on when once you have got there. For the present, you climb up; or, if your legs are long enough, you lay one over the saddle and hoist yourself; or you get one over the same and nost yourse, it you go a sort of stirrup purchase somewhere and mount the wheel as you would a horse. Of course the teacher holds the machine, which seems frantically eager to lie down, on one side or the other, or to ouble itself up as if it were all foose joints. lady begins her practice by learning to moun Her attire makes this necessary, especially if she wears skirts, and if she has a tilting saddle it is not at all difficult. With an ordinary saddle, however, it is not easy to get her skirts so hitched up that they will be properly in place when she mounts, to give the wheel such impetus that it will keep up, to rise at exactly the right instant and keep her foot on the further peda! Yet all this complicated combined movement she must become expert in, and it is rather surprising to see how soon she generally does so. Teachers affirm that, as a rule, women learn to ride well more quickly than men. "Keep the pedals moving," is one of the earliest and oftenest injunctions you will hear from the

teacher. You realize in the first three minutes that momentum is essential to keeping your balance. The turning of the pedals is very easy, and you really mean to keep them going steadily, yet unconsciously you stop the motion again and again. The trouble is that the machine is wilfully doing a series of mischievous things to distract your attention and confuse you. Suddenly it attempts to lie down. The teacher, with his left hand on the handie-bar and his right sustaining you by the belt, switches the front wheel around suddenly in the direction the attempt was made. Instantly it makes plunge to get down in the opposite direction, and he arrests it by a reverse twitch at the bar and a prodigious heave on the beit. Of course you forget to do anything with your feet while these animated proceedings are going on. You feel as if anything you might do would be an injurious interference. 'Keep the pedals moving!" he reminds you, and you hastily obey with such vigor that the wheel fairly leaps forward. He does not check you. He may have to run, but that is not so bad as holding you up at a standstill. Presently, from no cause that you can find, the machine enters upon a succession of long, swinging yaws, first to one side, then to the "Turn the wheel quickly in the direction you are yawing; then recover instantly. Do not let it go too far either way," he enjoins you. It's all very other. well to say "do not let it," but it is not the sort of well to say "do not let it," but it is not the sort of thing that waits for permission. But his vigilance, skill and strength are too much for its evil inten-tions this time, and you soon find yourself going straight again. Once around the big hall you go very nicely, rapidly acquiring confidence and unconsciously increasing your speed. This is what the treacherous mechanical broncho has been waiting for. Suddenly one of the pedals cludes you. It is not at all an exaggeration to say that the sensation

of feeling for a pedal that is not there is sir awful. You frantically paw the air for it and it dodges you, until you think it must have dropped off, and as you bend over and look down to see if it

awful. You frantically paw the air for it and it dodges you, until you think it must have dropped off, and as you bend over and look down to see if it hasn't, the machine makes a desperate effort to stand you on your head. At this point it is well to get off for a few moments. Justice cannot be done to the situation by any remarks a novice can make from the saddle.

Just to show you what you should do, the teacher gracefully vauits upon the saddle and darts about a few moments with the ease and almost the speed of a "devil's darning-needle." When he brings the bicycle back to you it is on its good behavior, and for three or four minutes, probably, does not attempt to p.ay you a trick. Then it begins yawing again. By this time you understand that movement as indicative of coming mischlef, just as lying back the ears is the warning a vicious mustang gives that he is going to make trouble. "Don't grip the handles so rigidly, hold them lightly, with your muscles easy, ready for quick motion; go a little faster and make short plays of the wheel each way, catching its swings, until you get it to running steadily." Excellent advice: and as long as you remember to follow it, and nothing diverts your attention, you get along very well; but presently, just when you are felicitating yourse! upon getting the hang of it so quickly, the machine perversely takes a header toward the wall, you lose both pedals, and lean over in the wrong direction, and before you can say "Wow" you are down. Of course the teacher has so eased your unavoidable fall that you are not at all hurt. More than that, he wins your gratitude by a pretty little bit of acting. He assumes that something is wrong with the bleycle; the handle-bar is crooked, or the saddle is too high, or too low, and pretends to fix it. You know your tumble was due to your own awkwardness; you know that he knows it, and yet, I don't care how honeat you have got so that you can go about the hall nicely in one direction, say from left to right, the teacher says, "Now we will go

mounting, and does any number of their devices things, but it is you who will get the blame for them all.

Finally, you feel that you can quite satisfactorily control the wheel, going either way, turning corners, dodging collisions, arresting premptly those alarming yawings and measurably at least applying your teacher's off repeated injunctions to 'make the pressure on the pedia's aid in preserving your balance'—words that seemed simply sarcastic when you first heard them. And now you seriously undertake to learn what you have been making tentative staggers at for some time-the art of mounting. You devote a whole lesson to it. The teacher shows you three or four ways in which he can place himself on the saddle, seemingly without an effort, but when you try them each is rather more difficult when you try them each is rather more difficult than either of the others. He tells you to lean the machine toward the right as you stand at the left, or behind it, preparatory to mounting, and you revoit against him, feeling that such an inclination will only aid in precipitating you headlong over the saddle. He lets you try it your way, and when he helps you up from the ground you feel humbled, he helps you up from the ground you feel humbled, he helps you up from the ground you feel humbled, he helps you up from the ground you feel humbled, he season of tribuilation is not protracted. Most persons learn to mount, ride and dismount fairly presons learn to mount, ride and dismount fairly well in the course of five lessons, and hardly anythody requires more than two courses. But to even those who find it most difficult, the first hour on the road upon the conquered bicycle is ample repayment for all that has been gone through.

A KING FEARS ASSASSINATION.

PRECAUTIONS TAKEN TO PRESERVE THE LIFE OF HUMBERT OF ITALY-THE "MONTEROS DE ESPINOSA."

In his recent hunting expedition on the royal estates near Turin, King Humbert, of Italy, for the first time took precautions against the possible of an assassin. Owing to the advice and solicitation of Signor Crispi, His Majesty was accompanied by a trustworthy guard, who slept in

front of the King's door. No one could approach the ruler without being discovered by this man. After the murder of President Carnot, the Italian culean build, to accompany him at all times, to serve as a shield, if necessary, in case of sudden a man who could answer all the demands made by the King and Crispi. He was at last found in the person of a marshal of carabines—a man extraordinarily brave and muscular. He is a fellow of majestic appearance, much more so than the King—and is appreciative of the high trust placed in him. He accompanies Humbert every place, and sleeps so that no one can possibly enter the King's chamber without passing over his body. He is armed as an Italian brigand might wish to be, and could, unless surprised, beat off a dozen men. Similar precautions have been taken for many years for the security of the lives of the rulers of Spain. There is a village in Spain—Espinesa by name—which has long had the honor of furnishing a man who could answer all the demands made

years for the security of the lives of the rulers of Spain. There is a village in Spain-Espinosa by name-which has long had the honor of furnishing a certain number of courtiers, known as "Monsteros de Espinosa," whose duty it is to answer for the saffety of the King when he seeps. They stand guard before the doors of the royal bed-chamber in the night-time, so that no one can approach the door without being seen. The men of Espinosa are among the proudest in the kingdom because of this highly prized honor. No one has ever proved unworthy of his trust.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

Martin (Mich.) Letter to The Chicago Tribune.

Much more might be printed about Andrew Bee, one of the captors of Jeff Davis, who died the other day. Ber enlisted August 28, 1852, in Company L. 4th Michigan Cavalry. commanded by Colonel D. B. Britchard, of Allegan, and he participated in all its campaigns, marches, and battles until the discharge of the regiment at Edgefield, July 13, 1858, In "The Evening Tribune," of El Paso, Tex., of February 18, 1888, E. P. Lowe pays the following tribute to Andrew Bee:

"Andrew Bee, of Company L, was the first man to recognize Jeff Davis as he emerged from the tent wearing his proper clothes and a waterproof cloak. The shawl, if on, must have been removed in a lifty. At the moment of capture Jeff Davis said: Haven't you better manners than intruding on the privacy of Iadles?" To this Andrew Bee replied: "We'll give you time to dress.

"When he got outside the tent 'Mrs.' Davis held at the bucket in her hand for him to get some water, but Mr. Bee said: 'No, you can't; you're Jeff Davis,' to which he answered: 'Boys, you've got me.'

A few years after the war closed Andrew located a farm in Mississippi, but not making a success financially, he determined to return to Michigan, with but little money in his pocket. While passing through a pleasant little town he met Davis, who, immediately recognizing him, invited him to his home, and, learning his circumstance, gave him 310 and an invitation to call any time he should be in town. Martin (Mich) Letter to The Chicago Tribune.

town.

At the time of Jeff's capture Andrew got a pair of gold spectacles, which have since been stolen.

In September, 1880, Bee came to Martin, of which place he had been an honored citizen till his death, the lived with his daughter Anna in humble circumstances on two and one-half acres of ground.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Thomas Monteith, under the auspices of C. B. Wheeler Post, of Martin, The pallbearers were old comrades of Company L. 4th Michigan Cavalry.

HIS AFFINITY.

From The Indianapolis Journal.

He-And am I really and truly the only man you ever loved? ever toved?
She-Well-er-I never had it seem so easy be-



YOUR GLOVES can be put on immediately after using LEAURELLE.
OIL BALM for Chaps or Rough Skin since it dries
in instantly and needs no washing off. It is not sticky
nor mussy; will not soil gloves, silks, satins nor ribmussy; will not soil gloves, silks, satins nor ribnor clean, coloriess, harmiess. A delightful
tollet luxury. Soc. and \$1.00 bottles at Drangtists of
Fancy Stores or by Express prepaid on receipted
wrice. E. S. WELLS, Jorsey City, N.J.